

# GUILTY

## DETECTIVE STORY MAGAZINE

Vol. 6 — No. 1

September, 1961

---

### CONTENTS

#### SHORT STORIES

- THE NUDE IN THE DEEP FREEZE *by James Rosenquest* ..... 2  
Rigor mortis hadn't set in, the body was on ice
- BEATNIK WIFE *by Dan Malcolm* ..... 14  
When a wife turns beatnik it's bad, man, bad!
- SIDE JOB *by Carroll Mayers* ..... 23  
The killing had to be smooth and slick
- MAD DOG KILLER *by Neal Neitzel* ..... 29  
A human beast, he wasn't fit to live
- I DON'T WANT NO TROUBLE *by Ed Chase* ..... 39  
I had my mitts on some really big money
- ON WITH THE KILLING *by Dan Brennan* ..... 48  
I was a racket man, couldn't wince at murder
- DEATH CAN BE BEAUTIFUL *by Russell Thompson* ..... 61  
Mark had a neat racket. It concerned death
- THE UGLY WOMAN *by Michael Zurroy* ..... 72  
She wanted only one thing -- but bad!
- STEPPING UP IN CLASS *by Henry H. Guild* ..... 84  
I wanted to get ahead fast, fast, fast!
- WALK AWAY FROM DEATH *by Harrison Smith* ..... 97  
I was scared but capable of violent action

#### NOVELETTE

- DEADLY CALL GIRL *by Ray McKensie* ..... 104  
Expensive, she could cost a man his life

W. W. Scott — Editor

---

GUILTY DETECTIVE STORY MAGAZINE is published quarterly by Feature Publications Inc., at 1 Appleton Street, Holyoke, Mass. Editorial office at 32 West 22nd St., New York 10, N. Y. Second class postage paid at the post office at Holyoke, Mass., August 20, 1956, under the Act of March 3, 1879. Single copy 35c. Subscription rates, \$4.00 for 12 issues. Not responsible for unsolicited manuscripts; and all such material must be accompanied by self-addressed, stamped envelopes. All stories printed in the magazine are fiction, and any similarity between the characters and actual persons is coincidental. Copyright 1961 by Feature Publications, Inc. All rights, including translation, reserved under International Copyright Convention and Pan American Copyright Convention. Printed in the U. S. A.

# BEATNIK WIFE

by DAN MALCOLM

When your wife turns beatnik it's bad, man, real bad!

IT was a warm night, and people were keeping their windows open. The sound of the party came filtering down from the fourth floor of the old apartment building. In the street below, Dennis stood looking upward, listening to the wild shrieks of laughter, the

shouted obscenities, the dizzy wail of jazz.

He scowled in disgust and contempt. Another beatnik party! Life was one long ball for them. They had no idea of responsibility, of obligations. They held a job for a few weeks, made eighty or a hun-



dred dollars, and then blew it on cheap wine and wild parties.

*Maybe Marie is up there at the party,* Dennis thought.

He had been out since coming home from work, looking for his wife. Actually, she had vanished the day before. When he got home from the office, at ten after six, their apartment had been empty and there was no note, no word at all.

It wasn't the first time it had happened, in the three months of their marriage. She had stayed out all night twice before. So yesterday Dennis had fixed a TV dinner for himself and had waited for her to come home, and by quarter to eleven he had gone to bed, alone.

She didn't come in during the night. She wasn't there at breakfast-time. He had gone to work, punctually, methodically as always, expecting to find her in bed and asleep when he got home. But, when he came in at his usual time of ten past six, the apartment was still empty.

It was serious, now. She had left some time Tuesday morning or afternoon, and here it was nine o'clock Wednesday night. Marie had never stayed away so long the other times.

Dennis had thought of calling the police. But he was afraid they would laugh at him. What could he tell them?

"My wife has disappeared, officer. No, I don't think she's been kidnapped. She just goes off to have wild parties with her old friends. This is the third time she's done it since we've been married. The third time in three months. Can you help me find her? She's at some beatnik party someplace near here."

No, he couldn't tell the police that. They'd laugh their heads off. Dennis hated to be laughed at. He hated to be a figure of fun.

The whole marriage was a mistake, he thought.

He looked up once again. A head was thrust out of one of the windows. There was a retching sound.

*Vomiting out the window,* Dennis thought. *How disgusting can they get?*

He wanted to go upstairs and find out if Marie was there. But he felt foolish about it. He didn't know if this was the right building or not. He couldn't remember, any more. All these shabby old houses looked alike.

After a moment of hesitation,

he walked on down the block, still hoping he'd meet Marie.

IT was the sort of marriage that had been doomed right from the start. Dennis had been twenty-seven, a book-keeper, a quiet, neat man who had lived by himself for many years without feeling the need of much feminine companionship. He had met Marie one night at the theater; they had each come alone and found themselves sitting next to each other, and began to talk.

She was only nineteen, a slim blonde girl with flashing blue eyes, a stunning figure, and a fondness for wearing old clothes. In a bolder mood than usual, Dennis had asked her out after the show. They had had a few drinks in a Greenwich Village bar, and then she had suggested going home with him.

He would never forget the first physical shock of seeing her naked body, with its full, high breasts, slim hips, flawless legs. She was the most beautiful girl he had ever seen.

Within a week, he had asked her to marry him. And to his amazement she accepted.

They were married at once,

in a civil ceremony at City Hall. He had few friends, and none were invited to the wedding. Some of Marie's friends came. They were a wild bunch, all of them badly in need of shaves and haircuts and baths. Bohemians, beatniks. Dennis didn't like them and they didn't seem to like him much.

But he didn't care. He had Marie. She moved into his little apartment and for a few weeks Dennis was tremendously happy. Then things started to get difficult. She was sloppy, for one thing, always leaving books and socks all over the apartment. And her friends tended to drop in now and then at odd hours.

There were conflicts. Dennis liked to come home from work and have a good meal and watch television and go to bed early. Marie preferred to sit in coffee shops till all hours, or to go to parties.

He went to a few parties with her, but he hated them, hated the whole bohemian atmosphere. She took to going alone, just as she had in the days before he had met her. He didn't mind too much.

He was afraid to criticize her

because he didn't want to drive her into leaving him. She meant too much to him. So long as she was there to share his bed when he wanted her, he didn't mind if she spent her time in the coffee shops and let him stay home to watch TV.

He didn't even object when she stayed out all night the first time. It hurt him, but he kept quiet about it. He was even willing to put up with that.

He didn't raise a fuss the second time, either. It was more than a month after the first. She didn't offer any explanations, and he didn't demand any. He was satisfied just to have her a round, even if it meant sharing her with others occasionally.

But staying away two days in a row was too much, Dennis thought. He had to find her. He had to get things straightened out with her. After all, she had to give up some of her bohemian ways, now. She was his *wife*, after all.

**H**E walked down to the end of the block, turned, walked back the way he came, working up his courage. Maybe she was at the party, maybe

she wasn't. But he had to find out. He couldn't just walk the streets all night hoping she'd appear out of thin air.

The building was old and dimly lit and smelling of garbage inside. Dennis went up the stairs slowly, apprehensively. It wasn't hard to find the party. There was an open door on the fourth floor, and he could see the partygoers inside, the men with beards, the women with long pony-tails and faces devoid of makeup, and everybody wearing beat-up floppy old clothes.

Dennis walked in. He felt uncomfortable in his good suit and tie. He had gone straight out after work, and these were his business clothes. He looked as out-of-place in this avant-garde gathering as a knight in armor would have been.

But nobody seemed to take notice of him. They laughed and joked and hugged, and ignored him. He looked around. There was a couple on the couch, and the girl's blouse was open.

There were others lying on the floor in drunken stupors. Half a dozen gallon jugs of cheap wine were arrayed on a

nearby table, and people were helping themselves liberally.

Dennis felt as though he had wandered into a madhouse. Half-naked girls on the couch, drunken men vomiting out the window. Two teenage girls were necking with each other on a couch in the corner, while an effeminate-looking young man watched with interest. It was practically an orgy, seven different kinds of orgy all at once. And the air was nauseating, with its stink of cheap wine and stale perspiration. He couldn't stand it much longer.

He walked up to a stocky, curly-headed young man with a full beard, who was temporarily by himself.

"Excuse me," Dennis said.

"Yeah, dad?"

Dennis moistened his lips. "I'm looking for a girl named Marie."

"Got lots of chicks here, dad."

"One named Marie," Dennis persisted. "Blonde—pretty—Marie Dennis—that's her married name—it used to be Marie Richards—"

"Don't know her, friend. Go get yourself some sneaky pete and have a ball. See you, man."

He went careening away. Dennis shook his head. She wasn't here, he was sure of it. He had to get out of here fast. He glanced around, searching for her in the beatnik maelstrom. Arms and legs and beards, bare breasts and swishing pony-tails and cigarette ashes and empty glasses, filth and disorder and sweat —

"Excuse me," he said to a tall, solemn-faced girl with straw-colored hair and a well-filled blue sweater. "I'm looking for a girl named Marie—"

"That's me, Sam."

"No. A different Marie," Dennis said. "She's short and blonde and—"

"I'm tall and blonde. What's the matter with me, huh. Sam?" Suddenly the girl grabbed him, thrust her breasts against him, wriggled her hips obscenely, stuck her lips against his. He tasted her mouth, cigarette-tasting, wine-tasting, and then after a stunned moment he recoiled as though he had just embraced a red-hot column of iron.

"What's the matter, dad?" the girl asked. "You don't swing my direction?"

"I'm looking for Marie Den-

nis," he muttered, shaken by the intimacy of the embrace with the beatnik girl. He turned quickly away from her.

He started for the door.

**J**UST as he neared the exit, someone cut in front of him—a lean, beady-eyed man in a torn white T-shirt. He looked familiar, Dennis thought. One of Marie's friends that he had met some months back.

"You say you were looking for Marie Dennis?" he asked belligerently.

"Yes! Yes, do you know where she is?"

"That all depends," the lean man said. "I know you. You're her husband, aren't you?"

"That's right." Dennis stared at him hopefully. "She hasn't been home in two days. I've got to find her. I've got to."

"Well, we'll see what we can do." The lean man suddenly shouted for quiet. His voice was amazingly loud. He boomed, "Hey, all you creeps, this here is Marie's husband."

Somebody laughed. Dennis felt his face turning beet red.

The man said, "He's looking for Marie. Seems 'she hasn't been home in a couple days."

More laughter.

"I'll say she hasn't!" somebody chortled.

The lean man went on. "He wants to find her real bad. Should we tell him where she is?"

"Yes! Yes, tell him! Tell him, Joey!" The shouts echoed from every corner of the room. Dennis felt dazed by the clamor, by the snickers, by the odd looks he was getting.

The lean man named Joey approached him and said in a low voice, "Okay, dad, they've decided to let you in on the news. Your wife's in the next room. Right down that way, past the john. You see the door?"

"Yes."

"Okay. She's right in there, pal. Right in there in that room."

Dennis didn't know whether they were joking or not. Maybe this was all a game they were playing on the necktie-wearing square. It was a big gag, and everybody was in on it but him.

Still, they had said Marie was in that room. He couldn't assume they were joking. He would have to go take a look.

Slowly, he inched his way

across the crowded room and into the foyer. He passed the bathroom and came to a second door. It was closed.

He knocked gently.

"Go on, just open it!" someone shouted raucously behind him.

Dennis turned. They were all watching him. Twenty, thirty people staring.

He opened the door.

He looked in.

Marie was there, all right, and there was a man with her. Making love to her.

**D**ENNIS' first impulse was to slam the door shut and flee. But there were too many people watching him, too many people ready to laugh and sneer at him if he did anything ridiculous.

He walked in.

"Marie," he said.

She didn't look up. The man who was with her swivelled around and said, "Can't you see we're busy?"

"Get away from her." Dennis said thinly. "She's my wife."

"Okay, okay, take it easy, pal. Everybody else had their turn with her. You might as well give me another couple

minutes and let me get my fun first."

"Get away from her!" Dennis cried. It was a high shriek that astonished him. Evidently it surprised the man, too. He sprang up from the bed.

Dennis approached the bed. Marie was lying there, a kittenish smile on her face. She was dead drunk.

"Marie, don't you know who I am? Look at me! I'm your husband!"

She opened one eye a little wider. "Imagine that," she said. "Hello, hubby dear. Come to have some fun too?"

"Put your clothes on!" he blustered.

"Don't carry on that way," she said, grinning. "I was just having a little fun."

"Some fun. You've been here since yesterday, haven't you?"

"Sure I have."

Dennis gaped. They were all watching, watching his humiliation. He snarled in anger and grabbed at her, trying to hit her. But she sidestepped him. Drunk as she was, she managed to elude him.

She laughed prettily.

"Mad at me, sweetie-pie?" she taunted. "Mad because I



came here for some fun? I been making all my old friends happy. You want me all to yourself? That isn't nice, you know. When I can make so many people happy."

Dennis uttered a strangled sound of rage. He grabbed at her, started to chase her. It was a wildly comic scene, the outraged husband chasing his naked wife round and round the bed while dozens of amused on-lookers watched. She reached the head of the bed and stuck her tongue out at him. Her breasts rose and fell rapidly from her exertions, but she could still laugh mockingly at him.

"Why did you marry me if this was what you wanted to do?" he asked her.

"For a joke, silly! It was fun being married, keeping house! But it's all over now. I'm tired of you, you goddam square! Tired! Tired!"

He leaped at her again. This time he caught her, grabbed a wrist, pulled her toward him. He tried to get his hands around her throat. He was wild with rage. He wanted to throttle her, to kill her for what she had done to him.

"Let—go—of me—" she grated. "Hurting me—"

"I'll strangle you!" he cried.

**H**E tightened his grip on her. He half expected that one of the beatniks would intervene, pull him away from her. But no, no, they were still watching, standing by, taking in the fun. It was all the same to them whether wife cheated husband, whether husband strangled wife.

Marie brought her knee up suddenly. It erupted into Dennis' groin with savage fury. He let go of her and went to his knees, clutching himself in agony. She stood above him, laughing at him even as she rubbed the bruises he had made on her lush body.

"Marie—" he mumbled.

"Goddam creep," she said. "Busting in here trying to rough me up. Who the hell you think you are?"

"Your husband." The words came out as a barely audible croak.

"You think you own me, huh? Well, get this, creepo: I'm staying here till Saturday. I want you to apologize, now.

Apologize for causing all this fuss. Apologize for trying to hurt me."

He looked up, anguish contorting his face. She stood above him, naked, desirable. He wanted to shield her from all these eyes looking on.

He realized he still loved her. No matter how she degraded him, he would come crawling back for more.

"I—apologize—" he said hoarsely.

She looked down. "That isn't enough. Here. Kiss this. Then go home and wait till I'm ready."

She had extended her foot to him.

He stared at it, at the tiny toes, the delicate instep. No, he thought. She wasn't going to make him do it. Wasn't going to force him to kiss her foot in front of fifty strangers, here as she stood naked above him. It was too humiliating. She couldn't do it.

"I—won't—"

Snickers from the onlookers.

"Kiss it," she said. "Or I won't ever sleep with you again. I'll parade around the house naked and scream if you try to

touch me. Kiss it!"

He rebelled. He had been driven too far, humiliated too much tonight.

*I've got to get out of here,* he thought.

He rose wildly to his feet. Marie stepped to one side. He raced forward.

Toward the open window.

Out into the night. The only escape from this mocking girl who had enslaved him. Head first, four stories down.

There was a long silence. Then someone laughed and pointed toward the open window.

"Hey, dig that cat!" someone yelled. "Musta thought he was Superman! Up, up and away!"

"Like crazy, man!"

"He musta really been stoned!"

Marie giggled. She walked toward the bed. "Up, up and away!" she repeated. "Like crazy, man. I knew he was a kook. All the time. Takes a kook to do a kookie thing like that. Come on, who's next to have some fun?"

The party went on, far into the night.

**THE END**